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Kansas Chief.

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Choice Poetry.

OUR COUNTRY'S CALL.

BY REV. JOHN HENRY.

ATTN.—See Who Men.

Men who plow your granite peaks,
O'er whose heads your eagle shrieks,
And for eye of Freedom speaks,
Hear your country's call!
Swear, each loyal mother's son,
Swear "Our Country shall be One!"
Swear your sword, or bring your gun,
Bayonet and ball!

For the land that bore you—Arise!
Shield the State you love from harm!
Cash, and round you spread, the alarm;
Hear, and hold your breath!
Hark! the hostile hordes are near!
Hear and heed our battle-cry,
"VICTORY OR DEATH!"

Stately landmen, heavy taxes,
Can you see your Stripes and Stars
Fluted by the three broad bars,
And cold-blooded feel?
There the rebel banner floats!
Tyranny, equipped by your votes,
Spies, like blood-hounds, at your throats:
Let them bite your steel!

With no traitor at their head,
By no treacherous coward led,
By no heinous traitor led,
By no "Young Napoleons,"
Kept at bay by wooden guns,
Shall our brothers and our sons
Be led back from fight!

Like a whirlwind in its course,
Shall again a rebel force,
Jackson's foot or Stuart's horse,
Pass our sleepy posts;
Rotten, like Senn, "to and fro,"
Our our Legions let them go!
Not in slumber answer "No!"
By the Lord of Hosts!"

With the Lord of Hosts we fight,
For His Freedom, Law and Right—
Strike for these, and His all-right—
Shall with Victory crown
Loyal hosts, alive or dead,
Cry each swelling Copperhead,
And in bloody tread,
This rebellion down!

Talk of "Peace," in hours like this?
"To Senn's traitor kiss!"
"To the Old Serpent's latest hiss!"
For his foul intrigue!
Plant your heel his head upon!
Let him squirm! his race is run!
Now, to your Country come,
Join our Union League!

Select Tale.

THE CAPTOR CAPTIVE.

A TALE OF TEXAN TRIUMPH.

BY BEN. PERLEY POORE.

"Lift, lift the star-gemmed banner high,
And bid its stars be seen in the sky;
Bid them be seen in the sky;
While children's children tell the tale:
How Texas' stars were won,
Her stars of cruel badge broke,
The stars of Texas were won,
To deck Columbia's flag of light."

"Expelled?" Yes, Horace Morgan was sent away from West Point in disgrace, instead of remaining to graduate at the head of his class, as had been predicted. Although reared among the temptations of New York city, the young man had entered the Military Academy with an enviable scholastic reputation for good behavior and diligent attention to study, with a natural fondness for martial exercises. Indeed, his uncle General Fannin (for Horace was an orphan) would have received him in his counting-room, but the lad was bent on becoming a soldier. In this predilection he was somewhat encouraged by an old friend of his father's, who had political influence enough to procure for him an "appointment," consoling his uncle by an assurance that the cadets found their pay sufficient for all necessary expenses. So Horace entered the Academy; nor had he been long at West Point before he gained the affection of his comrades and the approbation of his professors; winning respect by his mental superiority, and retaining it by his gentleman-like deportment. Nor was his fine personal appearance without its share in rendering him popular. A compact form, classic features, clustering brown hair and dark blue eyes, made Horace Morgan, in his well fitting gray uniform, the very ideal of a cadet.

A year passed by, and Horace, profiting by his thorough, visited his uncle, where he naturally felt desperately in love with his cousin Katrina. He had left her a mere girl—he found her a noble-hearted woman, in the sunlight of whose smiles he basked with delight. Yet it was not merely the marvellous radiance of her luminous eyes, or the fascinating smile that swept over her cheeks, that thrilled through his very soul as he gazed upon her with delight. He flattered himself that his ardent affection was reciprocated, although he never confessed his passion; and at the expiration of his four long, he returned to West Point, inspired by a chivalrous desire to prove himself worthy of his cousin's love. Forwent were his dreams of love and fame in the short hours of feverish repose which he enjoyed between the extinguishing of his lamp and the morning drum.

Months passed on, during which the young cadet added to his reputation, and again he obtained a leave of absence—

And we say that he went to New York

by the first boat, and that, on his arrival at that bustling metropolis, he at once repaired to the residence of his uncle, in Bleeker Street, then a fashionable quarter. He was kindly received by his aunt—a lady who wished to be considered aristocratic, but who was decidedly partial to uniform or titles.

"Your cousin Katrina is out," she soon remarked. "We are having her portrait painted."

"Her portrait! Who can do her justice?"

"Why, Horace, how complimentary you are growing! though I have always heard officers were so. Frothingham is painting your cousin, and is getting an excellent likeness. It will be such a comfort to us when she is gone."

"Gone?" falteringly inquired the astonished cadet.

"Dear me, have you not heard the news?"

"No," replied Horace, with unfeigned surprise.

"Dear me, how reminds your uncle!" Katrina is engaged to Don Francisco de los Naranjos, a grandee of Spain, who is at present an aid-de-camp to General Santa Anna, of Mexico. O, he's such a handsome man, Horace! And he's so wealthy, for he owns two silver mines, and ever so many ranches. Then—but this is a secret, Horace—the General means to drive the squatters out of Texas, and the Don is to be Governor. Isn't it a match for Katrina Mason?"

Horace mechanically replied in the affirmative, for he felt as if molten lead had been poured into his every vein. As his brain rang with a confused sound, as of a thousand waterfalls, and it was lucky for him that the announcement of a visit afforded him an opportunity of escape from the house. He did not dare meet his cousin, and left by the afternoon's boat for West Point, in hopeless misery.

A few hours before, with the bright star of love beaming before him, he had rejoiced in the promise of a radiant future; now he was plunged into the seclusion of his own dark thoughts. Visions of his childhood passed through his throbbing brain—ones unheeded at the time—words which had waited until that hour for their meaning—looks which he now interpreted—and Katrina's form was in all. An unquenchable feeling, like the thirst of one who dies in the desert, parched his lips; dark shadows clouded the future, and ere he was again in his tent, his blighted heart had experienced all that revulsion of feeling which is deemed the work of years of sorrow.

From that day, the academical career of Horace was retrograde. A sneering smile and sarcastic words soon estranged his friends, while the lava-tide of despair, as it swept over his every feeling, rendered him indifferent to his once esteemed professors. As for his studies, he neglected them entirely; for the stake for which he had played was gone, ambition was driven from his soul, and despair revelled in the violated sanctuary of his affections.

It was the morning after the battle of San Jacinto, and General Houston, the hero of that glorious struggle, lay beneath a wide-spreading oak, with his saddle for a pillow. A painful wound in one of his ankles rendered it impossible for him to move, but his eyes, that had blazed on the battle-field like beacon lights in a raging tempest, showed the joy of his heart. His small army, suddenly called from peaceful pursuits, had routed a powerful Mexican force, and the braggart Santa Anna, when last heard from, was lying for his life.

An officer approached the recumbent chief—it was Horace Morgan, but how two years had changed his appearance! His hunter's costume was soiled and dirty; his dull eyes were sunk deep into his emaciated features, and a mingled expression of sorrow and scorn played over his countenance. Leaving West Point, he had found his way to the Mississippi, and so down to New Orleans.

Here he toiled as a laborer, at times, to procure sustenance; but though in the world, he was not of it. The heavy wave of trouble, breaking over his bark of life, had carried away all its ornaments, and left but the strained hull, which heavily drifted along, regardless of its destination. Yet when the news came that Santa Anna had invaded Texas, that Crockett and his brave comrades had been slaughtered in the Alamo, and that the gallant command of Fannin had been massacred like dogs, he awoke to new life. Perhaps the thought that it was a Mexican who had snatched his idol from his heart-shrine, had some influence, but certain it was that he enlisted as a private. But his military education soon developed itself, and ere the struggle of San Jacinto, he had been appointed by General Houston adjutant of the artillery.

"Well, my Paladin," said Houston, as Horace approached, "have you returned weary from the chase?"

"One never wearies in well-doing, General; but we have found some rare game—an officer, who insists on seeing the General in command."

"Ah! Well, usher him into our august presence."

Horace beckoned to a group not far distant, which immediately approached. In their midst was a small, bright-eyed man, whose clothes were in tatters, and who had evidently passed the night in a muddy swamp. No sooner did he ascertain that he was before General Houston, than he advanced, and, with a theatrical air, exclaimed:

"Soy Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna, Presidente de la Republica Mexicana, y General en jefe del ejercito de operaciones!"

"Why, Morgan," said General Houston, "you are the captor of Santa Anna. Sit down, Mr. President, and take some refreshment."

The news soon spread throughout the camp, and Horace was greeted as the captor of Santa Anna. Indeed the *soubriquet* followed him to Galveston, where he was sent with despatches, and stationed in command of a small fort, which he was ordered to put in order for defence. The mental and bodily employment soothed his troubled spirit, and he was actually persuaded to attend a ball, given by the residents of Galveston, Christmas evening. What was his surprise, when, on taking his place in the dance, he discovered that his vis-a-vis was his Cousin Katrina!

Yes! It was his cousin—in the full glory of her dazzling beauty—and he felt a long unknown thrill of joy throughout his whole frame as she rushed across to meet him, holding out both hands, and exclaiming: "Dear—dear Cousin Horace! Why, we have almost mourned you as dead!"

"And you are—"

His voice faltered, but Katrina divined what he would have asked, and she replied: "Did you really think I could marry him?"

Blessed words! Did he hear them aright? As the divine harp of the inspired David stilled the evil spirit in Saul's breast, so did that one short phrase quiet the waves of passion, that, for two long years, had made the heart of Horace a chaos of tumultuous thoughts. Leaving the dance, the cousins went out upon a balcony. There, the past was soon forgotten; nor did the star-lit waves that rolled upon the sandy beach near by move more gently than did the feelings of these now pledged lovers.

Katrina had also experienced vicissitudes. Before Horace had left West Point, the house of Mason and Wyckoff had stopped payment, and his proud uncle was actually dependent upon the charity of friends of support. It was a severe blow to him and to his worldly-minded wife; but their daughter passed through the furnace of trouble, like gold through the crucible, brighter and purer. Gifted with superior musical talents, and soon found pupils, and was now the principal of an academy at Galveston, where her father acted as agent for the New York insurance companies.

"What became of Katrina's Mexican admirer, aunt?" thoughtfully inquired Horace, the next morning, as he sat chatting with his chaste yet happy relatives.

"O, Colonel," (the old lady retained her passion for titles), "we found him unworthy of Katrina, and—"

"Pshaw!" interrupted her husband. "Tisn't so, nephew. When he heard that our house had smashed, he cut Katrina dead, and married the widow Hodskins. Poor dame, she soon found that he was a swindler, whose only occupation in Mexico had been the selling of oranges on the wharf of Vera Cruz. To think how he used to talk of his silver mines and his ranches!"

Why prolong this narrative by a description of the marriage of the cousins, or of the fine rancho on which they settled, after it was voted to Horace by the legislature of Texas, when they distributed the confiscated public domain of their former Mexican oppressors? Loved and beloved by all around them, the happy couple still live there in quiet retirement, enjoying all that the heart can wish of happiness.

"So you won't serve on the Board of Examiners at West Point this year, if I get the President to appoint you?" said Senator Houston, a few months ago, while he was making his annual visit to Colonel Morgan.

"I will answer for him, no!" replied Katrina, now a buxom matron. "He must be here at the wedding of our oldest daughter, and my father is too infirm to have the care of this large establishment."

"You see, General," added Horace, "I am under orders."

"Yes—yes!" remarked Houston, with a smile. "The captor of Santa Anna is himself a captive!"

"I am Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna, Presidente de la Republica Mexicana, y General en jefe del ejercito de operaciones."

The *Wheeling Intelligencer*, having had a pretty thorough experience of secession intrigues and sympathizers, says: "The cry of 'Abolition won't answer but one purpose, and that is to tell rebels by it's as good a mark as a cross slit in a hog's ear."

An Old Ship.—The ship *Resolution*, in which Capt. Cook left England on his second voyage round the world in 1773—ninety years since—is now at Damerra waiting a cargo of sugar.

We have read Gen. Bragg's report of the battle of Stone River. We should think that such loss would stick in a man's throat like the amos of Macbeth or the apple of our first father.

It is said that one of the New York regiments contains thirty-five school masters. Their examination was a mere matter of form. They could none of them fail to parse "muster."

Miscellaneous.

INTERLUDES AT CHERO.

BY JOHN G. HUNTER.

Know'st thou, Oh, slave-cursed land!
How, when the Chinese were of gold,
Was full to overflowing the land,
God's justice in the word of doom,
That, red with slaughter to its hills,
Blasted in the Cuppedonian victor's hand!

The heavens are still and fast!
But, not unheeded of awful Jove,
The sighing of the island slave,
Was answered, when the *Egean* wave
The keels of *Mithridates* drove,
And the vines shrivelled in the breath of war.

"Robbers of China! hark!"
The victor cried, "to *Heaven's* descent
Pick your way clear from the vine,
Drink your last cup of *China* wine;
Slaves of your slaves, your doom shall be
In *Columbia* mixed by *Phaeds* rolling darts!"

Then rose the long lament
From dark *Delphic*'s holy caves;
The priestess rent her hair, and cried:
"Woe! woe! The Gods are sleeping-eyed!"
And, chained and scourged, the slaves of slaves,
The lords of *China* into exile went.

"The Gods at last pay well!"
So *Hellas* sang her taunting song;
The fishes in her net are caught,
The *China* hath her master bought!
And idle from *Isle*, with laughter long,
Took up and sped the mocking parable.

Once more the slow, dumb years
Bring their avenging cycle round;
And, more than *Hellas* taught of old,
Our sister *Islands* shall be told
Of slaves uprising, freedom-crowns,
To break, not wield, the scourge west with their blood and tears.

"It is recorded by *Nicholas* the *Peripatetic*, that the *Chinese*, when subjected by *Mithridates* of *Cappadocia*, were delivered up to their own slaves, to be carried away captive to *Cochin*. Athens considers this a just punishment for their wickedness in first introducing the slave trade into Greece. From this ancient villany of the *Chinese*, the proverb arose: 'The *Chinese* hath bought himself a master.'"

WAR CORRESPONDENCE.

Letter from McAnroe.

OFF CHARLESTON, April 25th.

DEAR VANITY:—I have had an experience.

It is not my first.

Quite possibly, you may have heard of the attack on Charleston Harbor.

Between you and me, Fort Sumter is not exactly taken yet.

But it will be.

It was on a cold stormy night in March. The rain blew and the wind fell. The sailors of the blockading fleet played old sledge; and kept perfectly sober, in consequence of the anti-grog arrangements lately made. Half-way between said fleet and the Battery, (you know the Battery at Charleston, where we used to loaf, long ago,) a young man might have been seen swimming gracefully along with the tide, disguised as a green turtle.

This disguise enabled him to pass close enough to Fort Sumter to count the guns and find the places where breaches would probably be made on the morrow.

The young man was me.

In a word, I saw from the Keokuk... or any other cock... to the city, the night before the bombardment...

Upon my honor.

And you know what that is.

I landed on the Battery, without having experienced any further inconvenience than getting wet by the explosion of four or five torpedoes over which I carelessly disported my fragile but manly form.

A sentinel said, "Who goes there?"

Not wishing to create antagonistic relations at the outset, and considering the probable political views of the sentry, I remarked, in my most clarion tones: "Fernandy Wad!"

"Let the gong-jong strike, the trumpet to the cannon speak, the cannon to high heaven!" said he. "I welcome you in the name of the One-Horse Republic of South Carolina, general outlying loose member of the Disjointed States."

"You be blowed," I observed, cheerily. "I don't want a public reception. If you love me, don't say a word."

"Have you any terbacker?"

"A few."

I drew a plug. He partook.

"Now, then," I said, "there's going to be a Disunion uprising, soon, in the North. My Maryland is to be liberated, and things will be tolerable checked. I've only come to see how you feel."

"I fell pretty well. Not over-fed, you know; but pretty comfortable, consider."

"Not personally you, I don't mean; Rhett, and Pickens, and such."

"O-o-o!" said he. "I see. I can give you orders of introduction to them." Air you a K. G. C.

Now, I was once made Knight of the Gin Cocktail. (In fact, give me cocktail first, and I can always make a knight of it, even if I never did drink Fox's great "Ice pick" Continental Cocktails.) And as the initials answered, I said boldly, "Yes."

"I said 'boldly,'" said he. "But first, give me the grip."

I gave him a grip around the waist, and threw him into the water.

That satisfied him.

"Wayward bound, he remarked, 'depart in peace.'"

I departed.

At the best hotel I registered myself under the august name that I had given my sentinel. The people... such is their love for (some) Northern men... wished

to get up in the middle of the night to give an ovation.

I refused with hauteur. I generally do.

"Twine me no gaudy Chaplet," I said.

"If there is anything of the sort, let it be a Chaplet alone!"

With which I went to bed.

I was awakened by a noise and a nigger.

The bombardment had begun!

Immediately after breakfast, Rhett, of the Mercury, and Gov. Pickens waited on me. Other scallywags waited on me at breakfast.

"We know your Honor's desire to live private here," said they, "so we will keep dark; but wouldn't you like to see the fight?"

"Mostly," I replied.

So I saw it mostly.

I stood on the roof of the Mercury office, rear Vanity, in a proud but picturesque attitude, with my thews arms folded upon my massive chest all the afternoon. A smart mental brought me cocktails at brief intervals.

For amusement and instruction combined, I intercepted the telegrams that flowed gently along the wires through a hole in the roof. Here are they:

3 P. M.

"The enemy have fired the first shot. Fall short."

3:10 P. M.

"Iron clad lambs are coming up in profusion. They shoot pretty well."

3:30 P. M.

"There is a good deal of shooting down here. Not much harm done."

At this juncture, I saw with a good glass, two of Sumter's embrasures knocked into a shapeless hole.

3:45 P. M.

"No harm done yet. An iron clad is sunk."

3:50 P. M.

"No harm done. Another iron clad is sunk."

4 P. M.

"Troops landing on Morris' Island."

4:15 P. M.

"Two more iron clads sunk. Fort Sumter hit once, partially."

4:25 P. M.

"The Yankees shoot infernal straight. It looks rusty. Our torpedoes don't work. Four more iron clads sunk, however."

4:35 P. M.

"Eight of the enemy's iron clads sunk, by one shot from Sumter. No harm done on either side."

At this juncture, I saw one of the island batteries knocked into a cocked hat by our iron clads, but their ammunition evidently began to run short.

"Feed my Ram," says I.

4:45 P. M.

"No harm done. Twelve more of the Yankee iron clads sunk. You may announce a victory, in guarded terms."

4:45 P. M.

"The enemy is out of ammunition, and is withdrawing. Proclaim a decided victory. We hope the fight will not be renewed to-morrow."

5 P. M.

"The Yankees have fired their last shot. We think Fort Sumter can be rebuilt."

I stood all night on the roof, dear Vanity, awaiting the renewal of the combat, but in vain. At six o'clock the next morning, I intercepted the last despatch.

"We sunk One of the Yankee iron clads, in all, and are pretty sure we hit some others. It was lucky, however, that they carried no more ammunition. You may say that nobody was killed—or only two or three, at most. This is reliable."

"Good bye, Rhett," said I; "good bye, Pickens. I feel tired, and want a bath."

I went down to the battery, and met my sentinel.

"How's your poor Fleet?" said he.

"How's your poor Fleet?" said I.

I plunged into the briny waves once more, swam down to the blockading fleet amid showers of musketry, and instantly set down in my wet clothes to assure you that Sumter is a ruin, that Charleston can be taken at the next high tide, and that I am

Yours,

McAnroe.

NEW MODE OF PAROLING PRISONERS.

The Frederick, Md., correspondent of the N. Y. Herald, states that on the arrival of the rebels at Hagerstown, a lieutenant and five men, wearing the Federal uniform, crept out of a house where they had been hiding, and gave themselves up to be paroled. They told Gen. Jenkins that they did not wish to fight any longer against their Southern brethren. The reply of the General must have greatly astonished the cowardly traitors. He indignantly rejected their claim of brotherhood; told them that if he had a twenty-fifth cousin as white livered as they were, he would kill him and set him up in his barnyard to make sheep own their lambs, and concluded by detailing six "good looking fellows, with thick boots," to "parole" the recalcitrant Federals by vigorously kicking them out of the camp to the western border of the town. It is said that the rebel soldiers were highly tickled with the scene, and loudly expressed their approval of "Jenkins' mode of paroling cowards." The six miserable traitors, who were so energetically kicked, must have felt very differently. What an encouraging prospect for Federal deserters.

THE PATH OF PEACE.—The N. Y. News considers the Pacific Railroad, the path of peace, without the Pathfinder.

LETTER FROM ORPHEUS C. KERR.

Ed. T. T.:—When great interests are at stake, my boy, and strong passions are excited, and when it becomes necessary that a whole nation shall be unanimous for its own preservation from destruction, we occasionally meet with chaps of severe countenance and much shirt-ruffles, whose patriotism is purely that of descent, and not at all of assent. Since this great strategic war commenced, I have encountered divers iron-faced and brass-mounted conservative fellow beings, whose sentiments in action have seemed to establish as an inevitable postulate in logic, that a man sired by a hero of '76, must naturally be 'dam'd by the heroes of '63; and that a man with Revolutionary blood in his veins is entirely exempted from all legitimacy to a propensity for spilling the least drop of that sacred liquid in behalf of a cause not revolutionary. It was on Tuesday, my boy, that I met the Hon. Fernando Fuel, the member elect from the sixth ward, who had come thither for the express purpose of getting up an entirely new coat of arms, according to New York Heraldry, and of procuring from some scholar a recondite couplet that should at once serve, in motto form, to denote his high moral patriotism as apart from any partisan desire to see injuries inflicted upon the Wayward Sisters of his distracted country. He came to me, and says he:

"Learning, Sir, that you are qualified to cull from your extensive poetical reading some unique couplet appropriate for my approaching coat-of-arms, I desire you to furnish me with the same, and present your bill to our excellent Democratic organization, of which I am chief Indian near—in short, a Sachem long. My patriotism, says he, shading a slight cough with a black cotton glove—"My patriotism is doubted by none but those imbecile despots who defeated our excellent Democratic organization in the last Presidential election, and are now waging a bloody and unnatural war for the Demon of Africa. But my patriotism hurls back the epithet of 'traitor,' and is clearly established by the fact that I had an ancestor in the Revolution. It is my wish," says this plausibly-spoken chap, nodding to a faro-banker as he happened to pass at that moment—"it is my wish that the couplet should express, neatly and figuratively as it were, the exact degree of my present patriotism, and its derivation from my Revolutionary ancestor. Let it represent me clothed in patriotism, as it were."

I thought upon his words for a while, my boy, and then says I:

"For such unspeakable patriotism as yours, good Fuel, there can be no finer couplet than this:

"A painted vest Prince Vortiger had on,
That from a naked Pict his grandeur won."
The honorable Fuel turned very crimson in the face with intense justification, and says he: "Ha! ha!—ahem! Yes, that's not bad. Ha! ha! very good—your infernal Black Republican, you!"

He left me, as a cloud might leave the sun with which it had vainly attempted to cut up ashes, and I felt for a moment like one lost in the Wood, with the best intentions in the world, I had only succeeded in adding Fuel to the flames of treason.

It pleases me to say, my boy, that the eminent Herr Suvehook, one of those eminent foreign strategists of war who have visited our distracted country for the truly benign purpose of teaching us how we may win battles only recently lost, has honored me with a great metaphysical criticism upon the recent reconnaissance and triangular proceedings of the new General of the Mackerel Brigade against the well known Southern Confederacies on the other side of Duck Lake. We may all learn a valuable lesson, my boy, from this able Critique, which reads thus:

"SOME REMARKS ABOUT ORDERING."

"I have noticed in der bapers that der General Fighting Cok cross Duck Lake in two parts, the odder day, when he assailed the rebel Army von Lee, which was strongly post in entrenchment built especially for deep purpose. Dass was vore wrong, and oppose to all de principles von der great Napoleon. Das was der great troubles with Fritz Magnus von Prussia, at Kunsersdorf, where he had dirty dousand pick troops and lost seventeen dousand in sooth way. General Fighting Cok was adopting der principle of der Duke von Cumberland at Fontenoy, when he should adopt sooth plan as dat of Marshal Saxe, and keep his troops all together, and not cross duck Lake in two parts. To attack sooth Rebel Army entrenchment, built especial for deep purpose, it was necessary as he should do everydings together and fight dem altogether."